



(Club)House of The Rising Sun

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Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Alternate Universe, Beverly is really tired of Derry, F/M, Georgie's here too, M/M, Multi, The boys are witches and they hang out and stuff, There's no Pennywise or anything this is like complete canon divergence, Witches, sorta - Freeform, there is no such thing as a seventh wheel in this fucking house

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier/St Stanley Uris

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Summary:

Beverly Marsh is quite sick of her boring life, and finds comfort in the mystery of the supposed "Losers Club" boys. What happens when she actually solves it?

(AU where the boys are witches and Bev finds her way into this weird group of guys)

1. Just a small town girl

Beverly Marsh had decided, when she was very little, that Derry was one of the most boring towns she'd ever lived in. To be fair, it was the only town she'd ever lived in, so she didn't have a whole lot to compare it to. Not like it really needed comparison. Anyone could tell- the people were the same, the places were the same, and every day was also- you guessed it- the exact fucking same. Wake up, go to school, avoid her father, and sleep. She wondered, if she stuck around long enough, would she be a broken record like Derry was? Did she have much of a choice in that fate?

The only bits of excitement that caught her attention were the boys. Five boys in particular. Beverly had picked up on watching them from afar, finding their lives so much more interesting than hers. She didn't know their names, except for two- Bill Denbrough, and Ben Hanscom. She knew Bill's because he was on the news about his missing brother (thank god they'd found the poor kid before any rumors got out), and she knew Ben's because he was new to Derry, and if you didn't recognize the new kid on first sight, then they were probably more invisible than you were- which was a good thing sometimes. She also talked to him once. It was short, though, and she hadn't found much of a reason to continue to talk to him until he integrated into the circle of boys that she watched so intently.

It sounded weird, sure, but they were so hard to notice. They were loud, bickering, stupid boys, and that alone was enough to catch anyone's attention. But there was something else. Beverly never saw them outside of school. She'd see Ben walking to the library some days, but once he joined in, even he disappeared from the world outside of Derry High School hallways. Since it was summer, catching a sight of them was impossible. It made Beverly curious. It made her frustrated.

The thought of these mysterious boys was on her mind while she made the trek home from a very... interesting trip to the store. In short, she had to keep herself from gagging at the mere sight of Mr. Keene. He was always so creepy, eyeing her like meat and talking in such a slimey tone... Beverly tried not to think about it. She feared for her stomach. Anyways- her mind was wandering, each thought more interesting than the last, and she stared down at her shoes to avoid the judging gazes of stay at homes wives and the elder people of Derry, as she always did. The sound of a rumbling engine sounded behind her, and Beverly looked up to step out of the road. But, she stopped in her tracks, barely in the grass as she looked at her surroundings.

She was... Lost.

You'd think that would be impossible- she'd lived in Derry all her life, she knew it like the back of her hand. But this wasn't a spot she knew. The road was starting to turn to dirt, and there were less houses. There was really only one. Beverly frowned, turning around multiple times to see where she had to go. She just wanted to get home with her things. Then, her eyes stopped on something out in the distance, past some trees. A barn. Old, crumbling, and intriguing. Beverly looked down the road. It wouldn't hurt to just look, right? Why the hell not?

She shifted her bag in her hand, and started to move through the vegetation towards the barn. It sat in the middle of a small sort of hill-field, wheat growing almost above her head. She pushed through, brushing at her arms when she felt something touch them. She'd heard of ticks hiding out in these things, and she wasn't having that shit today. Beverly finally made it out tick free, staring up at the barn. It looked almost intimidating, half shadow and half decrepit. She eyed it warily, wondering if she should turn back, but deciding in the end that it was too late now. She trudged forward, around the barn to a cracked open door where she poked her head in. So far, it

was empty. There was something like hay or wheat on the ground, and she swore she saw stains on the wood. But what really caught her attention was a small ladder.

Beverly swallowed some anxiety rising in her throat, and with no help from her heavy bag, she went to climb up. Her hands wrapped tight around each step, not caring about the possibility of splinters. She moved carefully and slowly, until her head poked through an opening in the floor. What she saw was... Shocking, for a small town girl.

The space was large, open, and pretty cluttered. The walls were lined with various furniture- an old couch, some chairs, a small table and some shelves. Trash and books and cool looking rocks littered the floor. Chalk made some large designs and words on the wall, things she didn't understand. Beverly quickly pulled herself into the space, making sure not to step on anything as she went closer towards everything. She could see a box of snacks in the corner, along with some pillows and blankets. A map of Derry sat on the wall opposite of the entrance, big and covered in sharpie. Photos lined everything else. She thought, for a second, that she couldn't breathe in awe of the place.

Only question on her mind, though, was who lived there?

“What are you doing here?”

Beverly spun around quick on her heel, facing a boy. He looked both intimidating by expression alone, but not really threatening at all. His skin was dark, and his face looked soft, save for the obvious suspicion in his eyes and furrow in his brow. He'd pulled himself through already, standing by the entrance. Beverly froze up.

“I-I was walking home, I got lost-” She tried her best to explain. Her hands wrung around the handles of her bag. “I didn’t mean to invade your space-”

She froze, staring as a new face made it’s way through the entrance. A paler, more slender face. And a more familiar space.

Bill Denbrough.

She’d found the hiding spot of the boys.

2. Running wild in the streets

Summary for the Chapter:

A history of the Derry witches, and how Beverly came to join them without being one.

It wasn't a mystery that witches inhabited the Earth. They've always been there- in the dark ages, the times of Salem, and long before that. Witches have lived among others in the shadows, in stories, and in rumors.

How witches came to Derry is its own mangled story.

The truth on it was that the expansion of America spread witches out all over the country. And, while some were careful of the dangers and tried to repress the magic, others were proud to keep it alive. They gathered constantly, practiced their gifts, and lived free lives. As free as the life of a witch could be, anyways. It was no different in the small town of Derry, Maine. They had to keep to the shadows a little bit more, but not by much.

Then, like most everything does, their group dwindled.

Fewer witches were born, and even less managed to make it through a long life, even with the threat of overpopulation. Derry's numbers shrank the most. In such a small town, they were quick to realize that should they be exposed, it would be a mess for all of them. Gossip was Derry's talent. Most of them ended their practices, and some went as far as not having kids to keep the bloodline from flowing. Only a handful kept true to their history, their magic. That handful let life happen, and prayed for the gene to continue after their children. It was such a complicating gene, hoping to every other

generation.

Bill Denbrough learned all of this at a young age. His grandfather had always taught him and his friends all about their kind. As the leader of Derry's remaining witches, it was his job to teach them that they shouldn't be scared or ashamed of their gifts, that they should embrace them. It was easy to tell a bunch of little kids. But age would prove to be their enemy, pushing the fear up to the front of their minds as they learned to be more careful. And as the generations before them died off, until Leroy Hanlon was left to take care of them, it only grew. The boys- Bill, Mike, Stanley, Eddie, Richie, and the soon to join Georgie- were all anxious of their own existences. They were lucky to be socially invisible to the world of Derry. It was easier to meet at Mike's barn, and try to keep the legacy of their grandparents alive.

A bit of light shined down on the boys when Ben joined their group. The new kid had gone unnoticed at first, another face in the halls. But, fatefully, an accident in his chemistry class with Bill made him easier to spot. Apparently, his grandmother was a witch too, and had given him a little bit of information before she passed. They welcomed him readily, and the summer had been one of bonding for all of them so far.

Now, as he peered into the attic of the Hanlon's barn, staring at the one and only Beverly fucking Marsh, he wondered how fast that would come crashing down.

Bill quickly pulled himself up into the attic next to Mike, staring at the girl with wide eyes. A billion questions were running around in his head. How long had she been there? Why was she even there in the first place? What would she do now?

"B-B-Beverly, what are you doing here?" He asked, cursing his stutter.

"Wait- Beverly Marsh?! Move the fuck over, Stan-" The familiar obnoxious voice of Richie Tozier rang up into the barn, followed by some scuffling before his head popped up through the entrance. He turned to gaze at the new quest with a playful look. "Finally, someone worth looking at!" He snickered. A smack sound came after, and Richie hissed. "Ow!" Really, Eds?"

"Shut the hell up and let us through!"

Richie groaned as he finally brought himself in. After that, the other boys made their way up, looking rather confused and worried about this latest addition. All except little Georgie. He seemed more interested than anything. They all stared at Beverly, tense. Not like she seemed to be any more at ease than they were.

"I swear I was just leaving." She quickly said before turning to look at the entrance. However, it was quickly blocked off by Mke. Beverly froze up. "Look, I don't care that you guys are hanging out here-" "That's a lie." Stan spoke up. He looked at Beverly with more anxiety than anything. "You're excited about this." Beverly made a face at that, puzzled. "What? No, I'm not-"

"Yes, you are, I can hear it!"

"Stan!" Eddie quickly hissed, giving his friend a glare. "Way to keep a secret! Now she's gonna ask questions!" He muttered, failing at

keeping quiet. Richie hid his face behind his hand in embarrassment. "And, you're definitely not helping."

"What is there to hide?!" Beverly asked, looking at them like they all sprouted two heads. "Why are you freaking out? I just got lost, this place looked interesting, and... maybe I got a little excited knowing that you guys were here." She admitted. This confused the boys greatly. "What's so exciting about us being here?" Mike asked, eyeing her with caution.

Beverly bit the inside of her lower lip, wondering how to phrase her thoughts properly. Then again, was there really a proper way to admit to minor stalking? "You guys are like... mysteries." She finally said. "I never saw any of you outside of school, and this whole summer, you've been AWOL. It was weird, and I always wondered where you guys went... Now, I know." It was a crappy explanation, but at least it was an explanation. A slight silence passed over them, and the boys ended up looking even more confused. "wait," Richie broke the silence. "So you've been stalking us? Babe, I know we're cute, especially me, but we don't bite-"

"Shut up, Richie." Eddie and Stan scolded at once. Everyone else just grimaced at his comment. "D-Derry's kind of a weird sp-spot..." Bill spoke up again. Everyone's eyes went directly on him the instant he spoke. "We d-don't like hanging out there. E-Especially with B-B-B.... B-B-B-B... B-" "Bowers." Mike finished with a sigh. Bill gave a nod of confirmation. "Yeah. Him."

Beverly gave her own little understanding nod. That made sense. "I get that. But, it's still weird. You were like ghosts..."

"Nah." Stan said. "I wish we were ghosts, and it's not that far off, but

nah. We're humans suffering through our own existences until he die at some some unknown age." No one seemed too affected by this little ramble, though Eddie placed a hand on his friend's shoulder. "...Right. Got it." Beverly mumbled. She gripped the handles of her bag tighter. "Well, if you guys are done being weird, I'd like to go home now-"

"Wait!" Ben quickly interrupted. All the boys gave him a look, and he turned pink. "Why don't you hang out with us?"

"Many reasons, Winnie the Pooh." Richie commented. "For one, she's a girl, which completely ruins our vibe. Two, she's like. Not us! And, no offense babe, we're a pretty close knit circle! Bros before hoes! Am I right, Bill?" The other boy didn't answer, though. He stared at his feet, and had a thinking face on. Mike looked over him for a moment, and furrowed his brow. "Bill, c'mon..." He muttered. "I-I-I d-don't see why not." Bill said at last, looking at his friends. He did a much better job at speaking quietly to keep the conversation between the boys. "Sh-She seems trusting. And I-I don't think she'll mind." "Judging by her... expression, she probably won't." Stan added. They all looked at each other for a final confirmation, everyone seeming to at least tolerate the idea, with a little supported smile from Georgie. Bill smiled back (along with everyone else, since that kid's smile was contagious) before turning back to Beverly. "Yeah, wh-why don't you hang o-o-out with us for a while? Like R-Richie said, we don't bite."

Beverly considered this offer pretty heavily. It was a tough choice. On one hand, they were a little more intimidating than she expected at first, and at this point she just wanted to go home. On the other hand, though, she didn't really have friends, and she'd finally get to ask a few questions around here. In the end, she didn't see a whole lot of harm in it. "Sure. I'll chill with you guys."

The already present smile on Ben's face grew at this. "Awesome! We promise we aren't, like, weirdos." "Except Richie." Eddie commented, to which Richie shrugged. "Fair enough."

Bill snickered softly. "Yeah. J-Just sit down, and w-we can explain wh-what we do here." He told her. So, Beverly sat down on the ground, and the boys joined her, doing just as promised and spreading their history onto another.

3. All the right friends in all the right places

Summary for the Chapter:

Ben Hanscom from Soc talks to his dream girl.

"So... You guys are witches."

It wasn't clear if what Beverly said was a question, or just a statement. It sounded like both. Honestly, though, Ben Hanscom wasn't that sure, and he wondered if he should ask in the long run.

The two kids walked side by side, headed in the same direction towards home. Ben would have brought his bike, but he forgot to—otherwise, he would have given her a ride. It felt awkward to walk. Especially when he just got done explaining that he wasn't entirely human or normal with the other guys. They mostly talked, sure, but he helped in keeping her there so they *could* explain. And it was awkward then, and it was even more awkward now with just the two of them, and Ben trying not to look at her face. He knew that he'd go beet red if he did.

"Yeah.... Witches. I guess so, anyway. It's sort of a general term." He muttered, shifting the straps of his backpack so they were more on his shoulders. While trying to avoid his thoughts about the girl next to him, he realized that he probably needed a new backpack. At least a bigger one. He'd had this backpack since third grade, and it was starting to slip off more and more.

Beside him, Beverly nodded in understanding of his statement. It was a lot to wrap her head around in the moment. Witches, magic, the boys... she never would have guessed that a group of disappearing acts had any sort of magic. Neither did she imagine that Derry itself

would have magic. The boring town she knew so well, hosting covens of witches for years. Damn, she would have loved to know this before her eventful interrogation session! "How long have you know? You know, that you guys were..."

"A while." Ben was quick to answer. Maybe too quick. "I mean- Those guys have known forever. But I didn't even know about witches until before I moved here. Well, I sort of knew. I didn't know as much as they do, I was just told about it by my grandma, and then we moved right after-" He paused. He was talking a bit too much, wasn't he? "...So. Not long." At the very least, Beverly seemed to be interested in all of this. Not like he could blame her for it- this whole witch business was pretty interesting, even if you *were* one. If you weren't one, it had to be mind blowing. Her eyes were somewhat wide in excitement, though they were focused on her shoes, so Ben couldn't see them as well as he liked. He thought that they were really nice eyes. There was a little bit of a mystery behind them, and he wondered if he could be the one to solve it.

He was too busy thinking about that to figure out the sound of a nearing car. Smooth.

It wasn't that close to them, really, it was a few feet when it flew past them- some rotted pickup truck, what else would you expect? But it was enough to startle them both. Beverly was the most freaked out, snapping her head up and losing her balance for a second. Scratch that- she lost it entirely. With a small yelp, she managed to fall backwards and roll down into a sort of crevice in the ground, grunting on the way. Ben's eyes widened significantly, watching her with fear. When she stopped, he was certain that he heard a groan. "Are you okay?" He asked, mentally cursing himself for such a dumb question. Beverly sat up, brushing grass out of her hair. "Yeah! I'm okay.. I think I scraped something though.." She muttered. This started this whole big though processes for Ben. On one hand, he could just let her deal with it- it was probably pretty small anyways.

Or, on the other hand, he could help. He knew how to help. He should help. "Wait, don't move!" He called before starting to hop and trot down the little hill to where Beverly sat. She gave him a bit of a confused look, and he gave a little huff (he needed to get in shape) before explaining. "I... Where did you get scraped?" Okay, so maybe he didn't explain, but he was trying.

She decided to roll with it, showing him her knee. The skin was a little pink, and tiny pricks of blood were starting to show through. Ben gave a nod to himself. He set his bag down and got on his knees next to her, rubbing his hands. "Okay... This might feel weird." He muttered, giving her a second before placing both of his hands over the area.

A little hiss came from Beverly, and he tried to ignore how bad he felt for that. He had to focus. Ben's eyes fluttered closed, his brows furrowing, as he started to heal the scrape. He'd done it plenty of times with Richie and Bill. It was an easy process. Just push a little bit of magic- or energy, he wasn't sure- out from his hands, and it did it's job, he guessed. He never really payed attention to what happened. But, he kept his hands there for a minute, before finally taking them away and opening his eyes again. The area was still pink, but when you wiped the already existing blood drops (though they mostly got on his hands), it seemed to be healed rather nicely. Ben smiled to himself and wiped the blood onto his jeans. Beverly stared at her knee, gently waving her fingers over it, before looking up at him with awe. "That was... Thanks."

He shrugged. "No problem. It's sorta my thing- healing people." Ben explained. He stood, and offered out a hand to her, which she took to help her stand up. Not too long after that, he felt a small wave of tiredness wash over him, and he frowned a bit. That was the price for his little gift, which wasn't so bad- until one of the others came through with something bad. Then it sucked. He didn't let it bother him, looking at Beverly happily. He figured that he could always be

happy around her. She had good vibes radiating off her. Beverly gave him a soft smile, and it took him until she laced their fingers together to notice that she hadn't let go of his hand. "So, you all have different things you do?" She asked while she shifted her bag in her free hands, lucky that the contents hadn't fallen out. "Tell me about it."

Ben was certain that he felt his heart go up into his throat, and he cleared it just to be sure while they started to walk down the road around. "Well, it's what makes up all special. We all have different gifts. I can heal people, which is super cool, and Bill can see the future..."

He went on like that for a while, explaining everyone's gifts and traits while she listened to him. Their hands stayed glued together for the whole ride, her grass stained palms like a match of puzzle pieces with his dirty, sort of bloody ones. Even when they had to let go, the feeling of each other's hands stayed tattooed to their nerves, staying like that for as long as they could remember.

4. You could be from Venus

Summary for the Chapter:

Mike is wary of this latest addition, and the secrecy of their powers being threatened. The worst part is that he doesn't know how to handle it.

Mike didn't like this one bit.

It was enough that Ben had come in through risky ways- he guessed that fast acting healing powers wasn't the worst thing to have. But, even then, Ben couldn't help but let his powers do their thing. This, they couldn't help. They could help to keep a girl, a human girl, out of their business and unknowing of their magic. They could have stayed quiet. Maybe she would have gotten suspicious and come back a few more times, but that would have been it, probably! She couldn't tell everyone if she didn't know what to tell.

Instead, stupid Bill had to be nice. He had to know these things. Stupid psychic powers- but, to be fair, they couldn't be this specific! So maybe Bill was just going on a whim! And putting the whole coven in danger! He loved Bill, he really did- but Mike had it in his mind to tell him why this was the dumbest thing Bill had ever done!

The words didn't come out until much later. When everyone had left, including Beverly, and it was just him left with Bill and Georgie. Georgie had fallen asleep on the little blanket pile they kept, hands clutched around a small paper boat that his brother had made him. The same one that he'd chased all through Derry to find, when it got lost on a rainy day, and had ended up lost over it. Who knew a six year old with a love for boats could cause so much anxiety in a town? It was adorable, though, how much he loved the little thing. Mike found Georgie to be pretty fun to hang out with and talk about boats

with.

Mike sat with his back against the couch, head lounging on the arm rest. He found it a convenient place to sit, looking away from where Beverly had sat before. Even when everyone left he liked to stay there and pretend he knew how to let his frustration out in normal ways. Thing was, he didn't. It wasn't that he was a very angry guy to begin with- actually, he was probably the nicest, tied with Ben. He was too sweet for words most all the time. But, he was faced with suppression no matter where he turned. The suppression of his magic, in the fear of danger. Suppression of rights, the color of his skin blocking the good traits in the eyes of over half of Derry. Suppression of his emotions by his grandfather. At a young age, he learned that there were two places to be. Holding a gun, or having that gun pointed at you. And he didn't want to have any sort of gun to his head. So Mike kept it in. He didn't let just anyone see the things hidden deep inside- not his friends, not his grandpa. No one.

Well. Almost no one.

Bill was the only person he'd ever shown. They could talk about anything, tell each other everything. Mike didn't have to worry about metaphorical guns in his face around him.

Even with that in mind, he couldn't seem to get his worries out right now. Bill sat by the window, a pencil in his hand and a paper on his lap as he did... well, something. Mike couldn't tell if he was writing or drawing. Either way, he wondered what his inspiration was. Probably Beverly. She was nice, and pretty, and interesting. She made friends with Bill quickly. Too quickly. A burning sensation started to prick at Mike's palms, and he curled his fingers to make a fist, keeping it down. Why did he have to be such a hot head.

"She w-w-was pretty c-cool, w-wasn't sh-she?"

Mike looked over at Bill again, seeing that he'd stopped whatever he was doing to smile over at him. He loved that smile. He hated that smile. "B-Beverly. I d-didn't think a h-h-human could b-be that n-n-nice."

All he could do was nod, looking away from Bill again. Mike didn't want to admit that she *had* been nice, and seemed interested more than hateful. But he had a gut feeling about her that just wouldn't go away. Silence passed before Bill scrunched his face up some in worry. "Wh-what's up, M-Mike?"

"Nothing's up." Mike tried not to sound the way he felt. He kept it cool, monotone. He didn't want Bill to start bugging him- even though he knew he would. This was promptly proven by the way that Bill got up and went to him, moving down onto the ground beside him. "Y-You sure? Y-You've been a-a-acting w-weird today." He seemed worried. He probably was. God help Bill Denbrough. He turned his eyes to the other boy, and started to plan his defense. But he couldn't. He looked into his eyes, and damn it, he was lost in them instantly. The worry behind them- the warm brown that read more than his stutter could ever let him say. Mike couldn't help it. He sighed, and looked away again. "It's just... Beverly. I know you guys want to trust her and all, but it's just risky. We don't know anything about her, but we told her everything about us in less than an hour of meeting her! What if this goes bad, Bill? What if she lets it out? Or, brings more people- how do we know we can trust her?"

The more he spoke, the more heated he started to feel. His palms really burned now. Mike kept his fist tight, trying not to panic or get

overwhelmed- he didn't want to set the barn on fire or anything. But at least he got it out to Bill, who was genuinely thinking about this worry. He seemed to realize that Mike was right. Gently, he reached out to put a hand over Mike's- recoiling for a second because of the heat, but not by much. "I-I know it w-w-was sudden. I sh-should have gi-given it more t-t-time. B-But I c-can't think of a-any reason why we c-c-can't trust her. Sh-She's a l-loser like us. B-But, if you r-r-really d-don't want her h-here-"

"It's alright, Bill." Mike said. He didn't want to drop this girl out of nowhere- that was too rude. Besides, it wouldn't do much good. "I'm just nervous about it. You know how I get." This made them both smile a little, thinking about his protective nature. Bill even managed a small, soft laugh, and pressed a soft kiss to Mike's cheek. "D-Don't ever ch-change. I-It's good t-t-to have someone s-so worried. We can f-f-figure it all out t-tomorrow. B-But I gotta get G-Georgie home." With that, Bill stood, helping Mike up and letting their fingers lace together for a moment. "B-Besides, I was m-more worried that y-y-you were j-jealous." Bill admitted. That made Mike snort, covering his mouth with his hand. "I don't have to worry about her taking you away. But, let's just hope she doesn't get in the away of anyone else's weird ass love life."

Both the boys laughed, and after a moment of it, Bill roused Georgie and the two boys headed back home together. Mike watched them from the window in the barn, a smile on his face.

"Mike! Get down here and feed these sheep, boy!" The voice of his grandpa rang through the barn, and he sighed. Yeah- he forgot to do that, didn't he? "Coming!" He yelled back, with one last look back to the Denbrough boys. He hoped that Bill was right. He did have a better sense on how things could go, and he trusted him. Mike ignored the thought for now, replacing it with how much he liked to hear Bill laugh, before disappearing down to the herds of sheep below.

Notes for the Chapter:

Yes, Bill and Mike are already a thing.